



THE COCOONS AND THE BUTTERFLY

CASCADE

PURE WHISKY



MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT

Mellow as a moon-bathed landscape—Pure as a woodland stream—Rich as the storehouse of Mother Earth—“Old as the hills” Cascade. Original bottling has old gold label Geo. A. Dickel & Company, Distillers, Nashville, Tenn.



The
Perfect Dress Tie
The Tie With The Button-On Tabs

It knows its place
and keeps it. 50¢
and better. Black
or White. Made in
many shapes.



KEYS & LOCKWOOD
New York

What Do We Do with Our Doors?

(Not to be outdone in a magazine standard of real human interest, LIFE this week presents the following article by Mr. J. Pette Hinge, head of the door industry in this country and the leading authority on door-shutting. While the article is copyrighted, permission is hereby granted to the Evening Post to publish a long editorial about it in its Saturday issue, and to the Morning Sun to sneer at it. Don Marquis and F. P. A. may also refer to it in a facetious manner.)

HAS door-shutting changed during the past decade? Do we shut our doors properly? What effect has our educational system had on this great problem? And what bearing upon it has the well-known indulgence of American parents? These, and many more like questions, will instantly occur to my bright and intelligent readers.

That there is a psychology of door-shutting not wholly understood by the lay person, is now well known. Both Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, in their statistical inquiries into the nature and cause of the aerial flight of splinters, have proved this in their report to the Anheuser Busch Philosophical Society.

Last year 2,845,746 adults shut the door behind them, while 8,342,742 minors, of both ages, left the door open.

Great caution, however, at this point should be observed in drawing any rash conclusions from these figures. One very important fact must be noted right here, and that is that there are more doors today than there were twenty-five years ago. Thus our table of values would be affected.

What must be determined, however, is whether the practice of leaving doors open is a growing one. If so, can we

justly say that the American people are advancing?

That it is a grave question everybody will admit. And not less grave is the intensity of slamming. What is the potential equation of the average door-slam? Weinerworst, in his annual report, issued in 1866, to Fliegende Blatter Sausage Makers' Philosophical Union, declares:

Door-slaming is pathological.

This, we may add, we regard as sound dictum.

Our conclusions are necessarily limited by our observations and twenty-five years'

study of doors. We can only say for the present that we have made a beginning.

When a chair of door-shutting with lectures on the psychology of slamming has been started in Harvard, then the spiritual value of this great question will, doubtless, come home to all of us.

"MAN," remarked Sandy, "I did a thing last night what I've no done this twenty year. I went to ma bed pairfectly sober, but I'm richt thankful to say I got up this mornin' none the waur!"

—Tit-Bits.

If You Lived As The Cave Man Lived

Your health would take care of itself

THE cave man ate coarse food and lived a strenuous life in the open. His digestive apparatus was suited to that kind of an existence.

You inherit from the cave man the same internal mechanism, but you eat different food and you lead a different kind of a life. Hence the almost universal prevalence of constipation and its constant menace to health.

Your problem is to adjust that "cave man" internal mechanism of yours to the sedentary life and concentrated food of civilized man. NUJOL accomplishes this adjustment by preventing the bowel contents from becoming hard, thus making natural movements easy. It doesn't upset the ordinary processes of digestion and it doesn't form a habit.

NUJOL is sold in pint bottles only, at all drug stores. Refuse substitutes—look for the name NUJOL on the bottle and package.

Dept. 15

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(New Jersey)
Bayonne New Jersey

NUJOL
FOR CONSTIPATION

Send for booklet, "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly on the margin below.



STERLING

A Gift of Gorham Silverware

Happiness goes out from the heart before it comes in. To seek happiness without giving it is a futile quest, and all our longings for what we have not learned to give to others are as empty bottles in the wine cellar of the soul. Happiness really never was any good in this world but to give away.

THE GORHAM CO.
Silversmiths and Goldsmiths
Fifth Avenue & 36th Street
17-19 Maiden Lane
NEW YORK

L I F E



WHITHER?

A Bit of Wisdom

LIFE is too short to fuss and fret,
To waste the hours in vain regret,
To fancy slights, to bother why
This listener gave a vague reply,
Or that one made some foolish threat.

And, though dull cares our way beset,
To court indifference and let
Each proffered bit of joy slip by—
Life is too short.

But put the world for mirth in debt,
And strive that odds be gaily met;
Humor in every cross espy,
And no least plea for cheer deny;
Then, for the friendliness we get,
Life is too short!

Charlotte Becker.



AS HE DREAMS IT

HE GOES CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH HIS WIFE

What's in a Name?

A DEMOCRAT harks back to Greece for the name of his party, a Republican only as far as Rome, the point being that tastes necessarily differ in harking as in everything else.

Greece's specialty, of course, was glory, while Rome's was grandeur. Everything is up these days, and if the impression goes abroad that glory costs more than it is worth the masses probably have only themselves to blame. As for grandeur, while the results of the election are somewhat mixed, the thought occurs that those who confound it with whiskers take almost too much for granted.

The fact that the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee is a matter of nuances signifies nothing. Nuances may be and often are exceedingly popular and important.

Training

"WHO is that strange person running back and forth across Fifth Avenue? Is he crazy?"

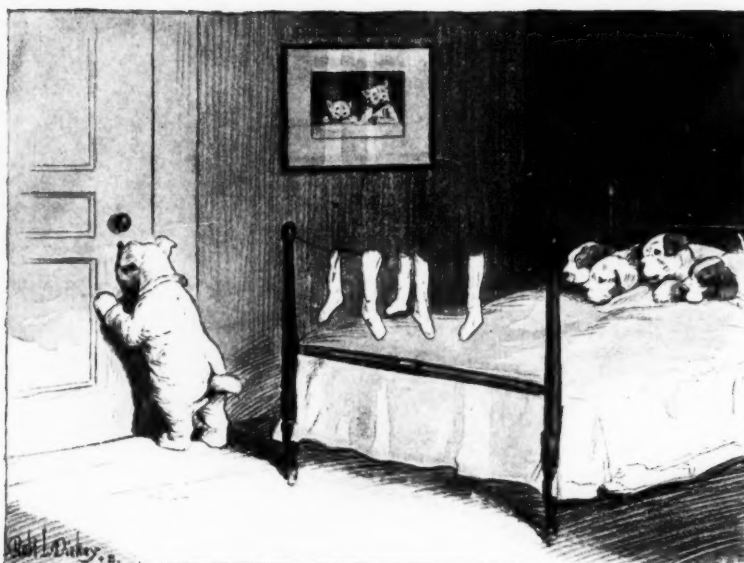
"Oh, no; that's the star halfback of the Yarvard team keeping in training. If he can dodge the automobiles on Fifth Avenue for a week without getting run down, there's no football player in the world that he can't sidestep."

Futures

STARTLING statement made by one of our famous scientists: "We must save our coal supply for use in the hereafter."



THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE



"COME BACK TO BED, ROLLIE, WE CAN SENSE HIM WHEN HE COMES"

Winter Magic

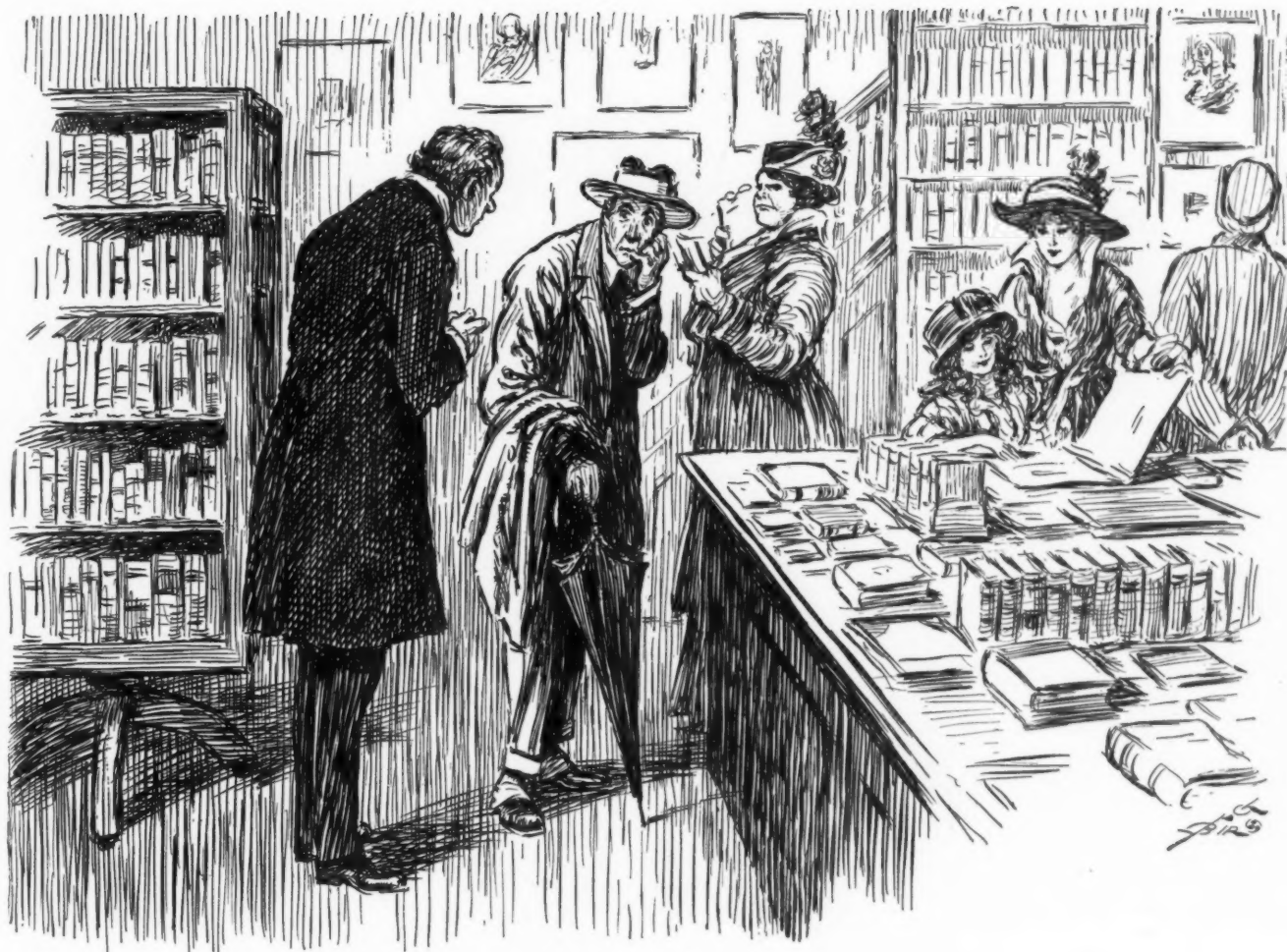
THE bright white magic of the morn
Above the hill-crests calm and
cold;
And o'er the meadows, lone and lorn,
The moon, a frozen pool of gold!

The magic of the hush that lies
Where bird and brook were wont to
sing;
Then the blue magic of your eyes
That hint of violets and Spring!
Clinton Scollard.

In a Dilemma

CRAWFORD: How do you stand
on this question of the remarriage
of those who have been legally di-
vorced?

CRABSHAW: I don't see how the
Episcopal Church can expect to remain
fashionable if it refuses to recognize
divorce.



LOCATING AN AUTHOR

"HAVE YOU GOT 'FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD'?"

"WHO WROTE IT, SIR?"

"I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME, BUT I THINK IT WAS SOME MARRIED MAN."

Accepting the Inevitable

A MAN is known by the manner in which he accepts the inevitable. The wisest and happiest man is the one who looks into the future and discerns the inevitable at the greatest distance. Such a man then goes out, meets the inevitable at least halfway, slaps it on the back, takes it by the hand, envelops it with his aura and asks it to stay to lunch.

The miserable of earth are those who are continually trying to dodge the inevitable. Perhaps they shut their eyes when they hear that it is expected, or oftentimes they jump into bed and pull the clothes over their heads. The

madhouses are full of people who have quarrelled with the inevitable so much that neither polite society nor impolite will have anything more to do with them. Some of them will not admit that there is such a thing as an inevitable even after it has come and gone.

The first lesson parents should teach their children is that whenever anyone wants to give them the inevitable they should accept it instantler.

"IS your gold mine profitable?"

"I should say so! It's worth its weight in paper."

Is Kansas Ordinary?

THERE seems to be a tendency in democracies to set up the ordinary as an ideal. Deprecating that tendency as illustrated by a passing remark of President Wilson, LIFE deposed the other day, in a fervent moment, that "a country exclusively populated by ordinary people would be just one vast, awful Kansas."

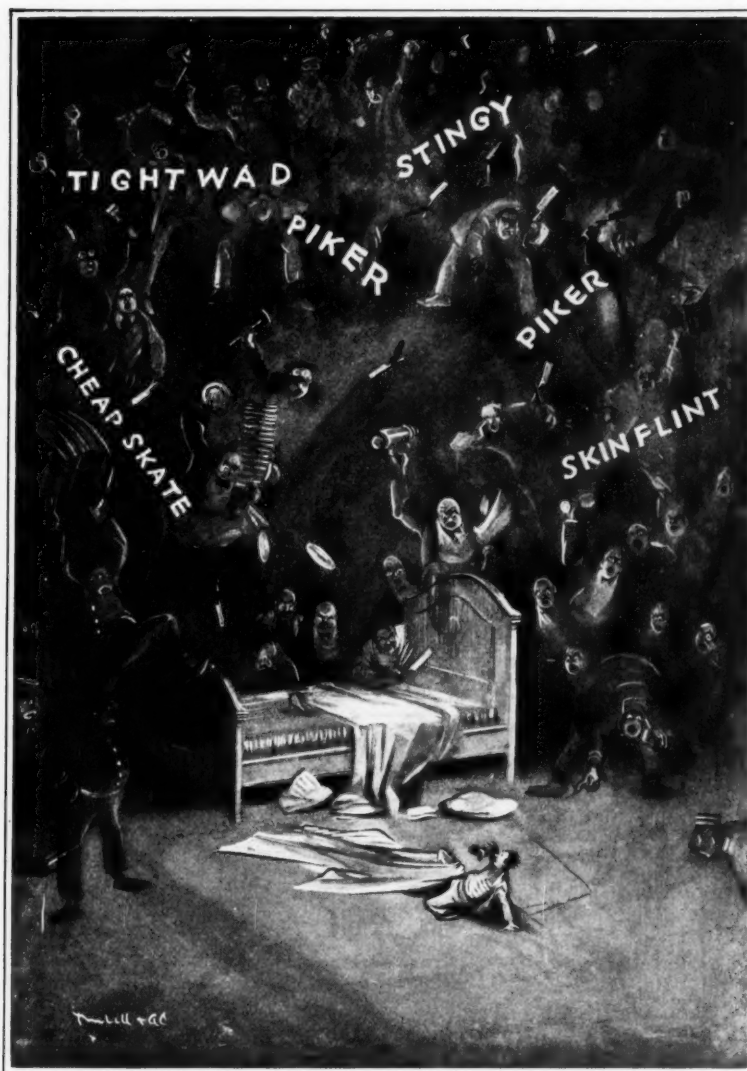
Whereat the Kansas City *Star* remonstrates and denies that Kansas is ordinary, putting in evidence to the contrary John Brown of Ossawatimie, Ingalls, Jerry Simpson, the Pops, Pepper, Mrs. Lease, Carrie Nation, Bill White, F. D. Coby, Funston, Victor Murdock and W. R. Stubbs. "To a state that came into the Union ushering civil war and has been walked the floor with pretty much ever since" the *Star* thinks the adjective "ordinary" should not be applied.

Perhaps not; perhaps not, even though the *Star* did not include in its list Editor Howe of Potato Hill and Walt Mason, the champion straight-away poet, and though John Brown, a Connecticut Yankee who went to Kansas at the age of fifty-five looking for trouble, no more belongs to Kansas than an onion belongs to the soup-kettle. He was not a product of that state. He was not even hanged there. He just popped in because the water was hot.

When LIFE spoke of Kansas as the example of the ordinary it was with due thought and cheerful malice, and consciousness of Editor Howe and Poet Mason and Bill White, all remarkable, and finally with the feeling that if an epithet was to be cast at any sovereign state it should be cast at a state that could stand it. Not Death alone loves a shining mark. LIFE does also.

And here comes Missouri asking to be shown, and asking very handsomely, to be sure!

Well, brother, "ordinary" is a loose word, but take it as Mr. Wilson used it. No state, no city, no hamlet was ever "exclusively populated by ordinary people," and of course Kansas isn't. What made LIFE think of Kan-



NIGHTMARE OF A MAN WHO NEVER GIVES TIPS

sas as an example of the ordinary was a mental picture of it as a virtuous, prohibitory community, overbent on paring down human life to an agricultural standard, and with close to the highest *per capita* wealth of any state in the Union. It is a very prosperous state, but the *Star* will not insist that merely getting rich and having an average of one and one-fourth Ford cars to a family lifts a state out of the ordinary. Riches in this coun-

try is as common as mud. A regiment of as ordinary people as Mr. Wilson could ask to love can be recruited from American millionaires. The *Star* would not hold, of course, that Kansas is not ordinary because she is so rich.

And is she the less ordinary because she is such a nursery of fanatics? At least half of the *Star's* list of unordinary Kansans are fanatics. Are fanatics and fanaticism out of ordinary? Or are they common, common, com-



"WAITER! SEE WHAT DE GENTS'LL HAVE"

mon,altogether too damned common?—if the *Star* will excuse so much vehemence. What is out of ordinary is the liberal spirit that is catholic in its love and intelligent in its discriminations, and that will not burn a house to roast a pig.

It takes all kinds to make this world, and it takes various kinds to make this country. Kansas is one of them; considered as an ingredient, one of the best; considered as a model, not so useful. Probably it would not appeal to Mr. Wilson as a model, but to Mr. Bryan very likely it would appeal. We understand it has excluded rum, and that appeals to Mr. Bryan as the chief end of political man in this stage of development.

No state should take Kansas as a model, but no state could. For one

thing, no other state has the same properties—the corn, the soil, the climate. It would be like one child in a family taking another for its model, which is bad for both. We are all members one of another, but none of us is a model for the rest. The model has to be shaped gradually out of piety and patience and observation and knowledge and experience of life.

And as for being ordinary, though there is more sophistication and culture and tolerance and taste in this or that community than there is in another, yet being ordinary is a disease which besets all human life, and which it seems possible to escape completely only by climbing the golden stair. Life as yet, inside of Kansas as well as outside of it, is a very imperfect experience, and in these particular times so

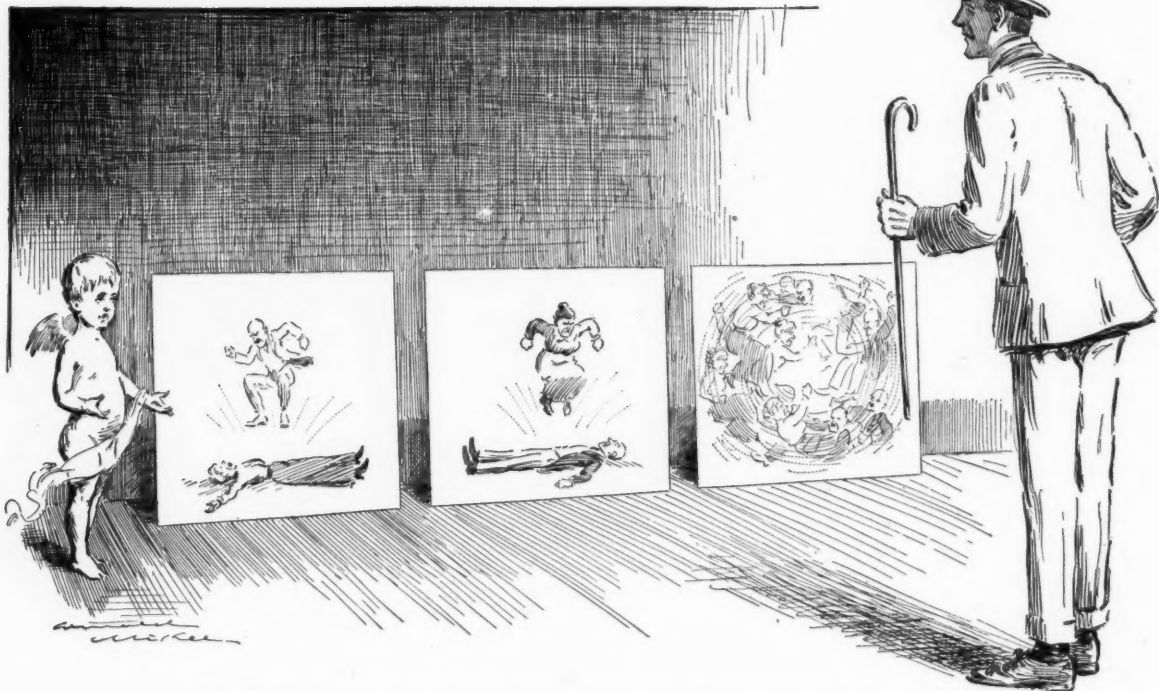
exasperating in its enormities as to make thousands of observers wonder why it is at all. We have to bear with it and make the best we can of it and of one another. Merely to get the ordinary out of Kansas would help matters very little. The need is to get it, as far as may be, out of the United States, and replace it with something that aims higher.

"The attitude you take about Kansas," writes a Chicago correspondent, "is, of course, the eastern attitude towards the trans-Mississippi country."

Perhaps so; but we should put it with more humility, and call it the attitude of the hog-pen deriding the cabbage-patch.

Yet hog-pen and cabbage-patch are both important for the farm.

E. S. M.



"SORRY, MR. BACHELOR, BUT THESE THREE STYLES ARE ALL WE HAVE IN MATRIMONY"

Things We Shrink from Knowing

YOU { eat
drink
talk } too much.

What most women think of their husbands.

Sometimes American-made shells won't explode, so they call them "Yanks."

Efficiency tends to automatism, and careless, irresponsible spontaneity is life in its most efficient form.

Our bank balance.

If you had to live your life over, you would do exactly as you are doing now.

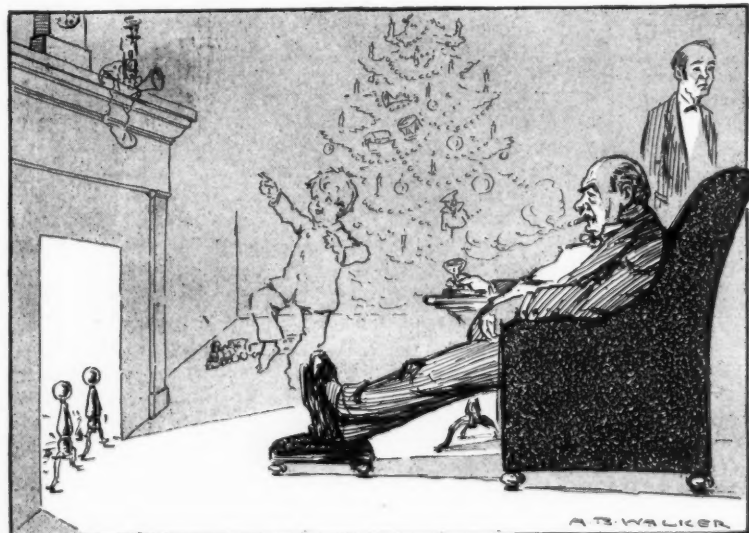
Bores

Boston, the Hub of the Solar System, has a thousand saloons and whirls giddily with sixty thousand annual arrests for drunkenness.

USUALLY the man who runs off with another man's wife simply wants to borrow her.

NOT everybody smokes at the woman's club.

"No—not the men waiters."



ONLY MEMORIES
THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE



POSITIONS WE HAVE NO DESIRE TO FILL
RUSSIAN SHORTHAND STENOGRAPHER TO A CHINESE DIPLOMAT

Unanimous

IT was evening in the home of the noted suffragist. For the first time in six months or so mother and daughter met under their own roof, and greeted each other with that cordial sympathy which we notice and are so moved about to-day between mothers and daughters. Mildred had been away to a eugenic college, and was, therefore, a little behind in her knowledge of what had been going on in the materialistic world.

"Tell me, mother," she asked, "what is this reserve currency bill that has just been passed by some one?"

Her mother's face grew sad at the thought that her dear daughter, who had been educated away from home and was therefore supposed to know everything, should have been so derelict in her patriotic duty. Then she smiled cheerfully.

"Ah, yes, I remember that you have not been able to devote your time to the recent changes in our government. Sit at my feet and I will explain. You see, we now have a reserve currency."

"And that prevents panics, doesn't it?"

"Exactly. It's all done by regional banks."

"I saw something in the papers about their making more money."

"Exactly, dear. Now listen patiently and I will make it all plain. First there is a board of commissioners, or something of that sort. They meet when it is necessary and arrange about the money. Every bank is a member."

"A member of what?"

"Why, a member of the regional bankers' reserve credit system. It's perfectly simple when you once grasp it. Suppose you want some money——"

"Well, I do."

"Exactly. You have tried every way to get it, and you must have it. Your dear father has refused. You cannot get it. Then there is, of course, a panic. This is what Congress wanted to avoid. Before the new system you couldn't have gotten the money anyway. Now you just step into the nearest regional bank and they let you have all you want up to \$180,000,000, or even more."

"Isn't that splendid! Do you just have it charged, mother?"

"Well, it's just about like that. It's what they call elastic. You know we are reeking with gold."

"Wonderful!"

"Grand! The Board of Commissioners, or whatever they are called, makes all the banks members, then the whole thing is supervised in another way so there can be no cheating, you understand, and in case anyone needs money who is really responsible, why, they can always get it."

"Well, do they have to be identified?"

"Why, certainly; but that is easy. Everybody knows me, for example."

"And could you get the money?"

"Well, dear, you see, it's like this. It hasn't all been arranged yet, but it is only a question of time when it will



HIS MISSING FRIEND
THE END OF THE TRAIL

be. The regional bankers, or whatever they are called, are at present all men. But in the course of time——"

"Oh, yes, I see. As soon as we get the suffrage then we can elect women to the positions, and you or I, or anyone, can just go in and order money and have it all charged——"

"Exactly, dear. Which leads me to the main point."

She looked gravely into her daughter's face:

"We may not meet again for some time, as I am just going on the stump, but I want you to take this new incentive to heart, and work for the cause day and night."

"Don't worry, mother, I'm with you heart and soul. Now that your cause has a real practical aim like that, how can any sensible girl be anything else than a suffragist?"

KISSES are the punctuation in the Wonder-Book of Courtship.



Civilization (to Prominent Pacifist): PEACE? NOT UNTIL MY DEFENDERS HAVE WON!

Save Americans First

Robt. Preston, of the crew (of the *Marina*), is quoted as having said at Cork: "Orders were given to see particularly that all Americans among the passengers or crew were saved."—*Press despatch*.

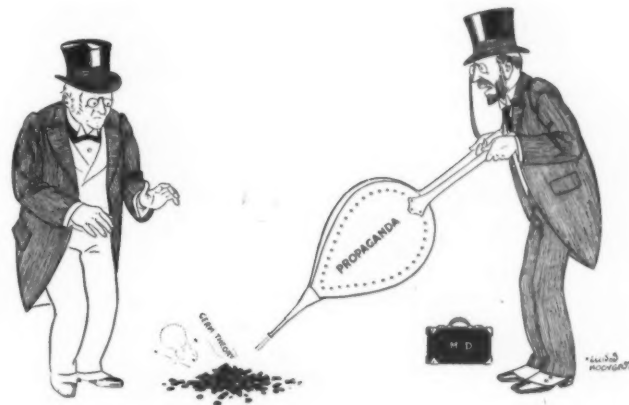
AND so the war changes everything. The sea novel of the future will read: "The ship is sinking! To the lifeboats! Americans, women and children first!"

Paper

THE invention of paper has had a vast influence upon the world. Without paper, our news would have to be printed on slabs of stone and bricks. Think of having your daily paper brought to your house in a moving-van. It would seem almost like Sunday morning.

Paper is used for various purposes; for treaties, for histories, for news, for theology, for war correspondence. Sometimes it is even used to record the truth.

It comes in all colors, but in this country it almost always has in it a yellow streak.



"IT LOOKS AS THOUGH NOTHING WOULD KEEP THE OLD SUPERSTITION GOING, DOCTOR."

Advertisements You Have Never Seen

Autobiography of a New
Jersey Road

I GOT up this morning and looked at myself in the sky and said, "I am not well this morning. I'm feeling pretty rocky. Some people get into ruts. Life with me is just one awful rut after another."

I remember the month I was born, several years ago. How smooth and even I felt—how I rolled along like a beautiful white ribbon, through villages and open fields. Ah! That was a long time ago, during the New York Corporation period, when the money flowed into the state legislature and I was good to look upon. Now all is changed! I grow older by the minute. My crossings are cracked. I have pains in my side, and I feel like thirty cents. I'm really ashamed to look at myself in the sky. When I was young I was full of macadam. Everything rolled over me without effort. I took everything so easily that life was one grand, sweet procession. Now I am racked to pieces and shot full of holes. I never used to have any ups and downs. Now I have a chronic case of bumps; they tell me that I have entered upon a period of senile decay from which there is no relief but a lingering death. I'm all run down. Water only makes me worse. . . .

They tell me that money is the only thing that will cure me. It goes over

YOU CAN PERISH
THIS WINTERIF YOU USE A
SHIVER
SHARP-FROST
FURNACE.

"Buy One And You'll Go Out
of doors To Get Warm."

me all day, but never enters into my composition. I am doomed. Where is my mother, Jersey, I wonder, that she lets me die thus? They tell me she is consorting with politicians. Well, I should bump!

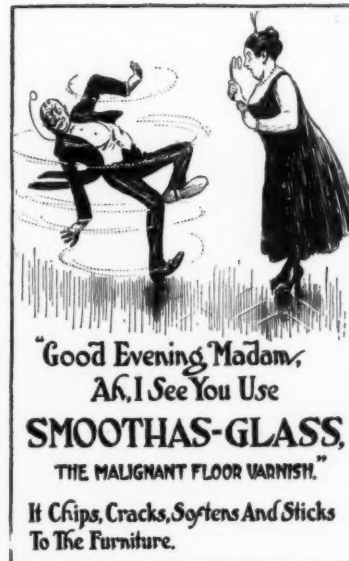
T. L. M.

Two Hugheses Put Out

LATELY there were three Hugheses, all great, and all in the running.

Ours failed to connect on November 7th. General Sam Hughes of Canada, Minister of Militia and Defense, resigned his office on November 13th. He fell out with Premier Borden.

Now, for the moment, only the Australian Hughes remains in a position



to support the reputation of the family. But with Lloyd-George still going strong, the Welsh have no need to repine.

Let Us Avoid Temptation

A plea for a billion-dollar fund to aid sufferers of all the warring nations was made by Myron T. Herrick, ex-Ambassador to France, before an audience of two hundred whose wealth runs into the millions. He spoke at a dinner given by Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, and his idea was applauded vigorously.

—New York World.

TRUST a billion dollars with up-to-date Americans? Better move slowly, Mr. Herrick. A people too proud to fight might easily be too smart to be honest.

"HAS Chollie regained consciousness?"

"Yes, his mind is a perfect blank."

Red whiskey and the church have nothing in common.

—Billy Sunday.

PERHAPS not. The theological whiskey is Scotch.

Ideas and Success

THERE is nothing so fatal to success as ideas. Once they are permitted to crop up in the course of business, unpopularity sets in, dividends fall off, gate receipts vanish. Ideas on the stage mean a vacuum at the box-office. Ideas in the pulpit mean an unemployed clergy. Ideas on the Stock Exchange mean panic. For those who would assure themselves of success, the following recipe has been compiled:

- 10% Plagiarism.
- 10% Noise.
- 10% Flattery of the Unintelligent Public.
- 10% Immorality.
- 10% Underpayment of Employees.
- 10% Worship of Banality.
- 10% Preaching the Obvious.
- 10% Subscription to Charity.*
- 10% Essence of Chicanery.
- 10% Stern Avoidance of Ideas
- 100% Success.

Many of our most prominent magazines have followed this recipe to great advantage. The main thing is to crush out ideas. In order to do this the ordinary magazine employs bright young men, who, being equipped with a costly college education, are peculiarly fitted to guard the editorial door against all original notions. These young men do their tasks very efficiently, dine well and die happy. Not more than once or twice a decade do they permit an idea to slip by them. The presence of an idea in the reading columns, however, may be detected at once by a falling off in advertising. Thus the idea may be caught and killed before any extensive damage is done. Editors who wish to succeed, regardless, are hereby warned against all ideas.

D. B.

* Comes under the general head of Advertising.

Both Considerate

"MY wife wants our boy to believe in Santa Claus. Says it's a harmless illusion for the child."

"And the kid?"

"He wants his mother to believe that he believes in Santa Claus. Says it's a harmless illusion."



GREAT AMERICANS

MISS PRUDENCE B. BLODE, WHOSE EXTRAVAGANCE HAS RESULTED IN THE APPOINTMENT OF A GUARDIAN FOR HER ESTATE

Monotonous

THE harassed purchaser of Christmas necessities and superfluities may derive some consolation from the fact that under the forthcoming socialistic regime we shall all give and receive uniform presents, romp uniformly around uniform Christmas trees, eat uniform Christmas puddings, and, if the system is as perfect as prophesied, suffer uniform headaches.

A Contest in Criticism—\$500 Reward

TO the best criticism of LIFE, comprised in a letter or article not exceeding two hundred and fifty words in length, and complying with the conditions of the contest, we will award a prize of five hundred dollars.

The award will be made on the merit and entertaining quality of the criticisms, whether favorable or otherwise. We shall print a number of the best of them if they seem worthy of that distinction, regardless of their severity.

Here are the conditions. Please, *please* read them carefully and comply with them exactly, so that we won't have to throw your contribution out as being ineligible.

CONDITIONS

All contributions must be addressed to The Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The criticism must be clearly written or, better yet, typewritten on one side of the paper. The writer's name and address should appear in one of the upper corners.

Envelopes should contain absolutely nothing but the criticism and sender's name and address. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate enclosure.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to enter

the competition. It is open to the world, but no competitor may send in more than one criticism.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies of manuscripts submitted, as no contributions will be returned.

The Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges of the comparative merit of the contributions, and in all matters their decision will be final. Just the same, you needn't be afraid of hurting their feelings.

All contesting criticisms must positively be in LIFE Office not later than noon, December 26, and the award will be announced in the issue of January 18. In other contests competitors have been barred out because they figured the time limit too closely and did not allow for delays in the mail. Send your contribution early so as to avoid this chance.

Unanimous

PATIENT'S WIFE: I hope you gentlemen are not going to disagree!

FIRST DOCTOR: Oh, not about anything important. Doctor Fell insists on trepanning; Doctor Fluke holds out for removing the appendix, and I am in favor of amputation at the knee. But we're all agreed that an operation is necessary.

Secrets

LOVE had a little grief,
So sweet and free of guile,
That, lest joy hold it fief,
He hid it in a smile.

Love had a little joy,
So pure and crystal clear,
That, lest grief it destroy,
He hid it in a tear.

And grief has ne'er discerned
Joy in her tear, the while
That joy has never learned
Grief lay within her smile!

Appearances

"IS he henpecked?"

"I think he must be. His wife is a very sweet, delicate, unoffensive, tactful woman who never says 'Boo' to an outsider."



"YES, SIR! WHEN I WAS A BOY I PLAYED BALL WHERE THIS CHURCH IS. THE PARSON IS STANDING RIGHT ON SECOND BASE."



"HOW DO YOU PAINTERS FEEL ABOUT THIS CRAZE FOR OLD MASTERS?"
 "IT MAKES US WISH WE WERE DEAD."



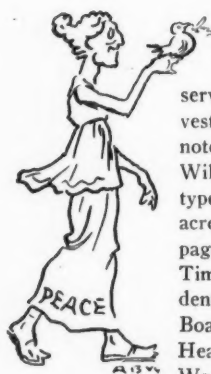
DECEMBER 14, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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JUST as it seemed as if no one would throw a bouquet to the Federal Reserve Board for warning investors away from the Allies' notes, along comes faithful William Hearst with a large-type nose-gay, reaching clear across his morning editorial page, about the "Wise and Timely Action of the President and Federal Reserve Board in Harmony with Hearst Papers' Repeated Warnings and Advice."

Just so, and deeply gratified the President and Reserve Board must be to have their labors meet with such generous recognition and applause.

Turning to the front page of Colonel Hearst's said morning oracle one finds headline assurances on authority of Wm. Bayard Hale, lately the Kaiser's friend and subsequently Mr. Bryan's envoy to Mexico, that the "Entente Powers are Thoroughly Sick of War."

No doubt that is true. Everybody is thoroughly sick of war, especially the Germans. Everybody wants peace with deep longings, especially the Germans, but nobody, as yet, seems ready to advertise a willingness to pay the price of it.

What is this war for anyway? Will it not be known in history as the Great War for the Civilization of Prussia?

So it looks to us. And any time the civilization of Prussia seems to have been put in the way of being thoroughly achieved the war ought to stop. Of course the Allies are sick of it. Of course the Austrians are sick unto death of it, and the other Germans

almost as much so. But how can it stop, leaving Prussia in that lamentably out-of-date and benighted mental and moral state which is the chief cause of the sufferings of contemporary humanity? Convince the Allies that the case of Prussia had yielded to treatment, and there might be peace pretty soon. But is there evidence that it has yielded? Alas, not much. The latest indication of Prussia's mental state is found in the deportation of Belgians. Prussia seems, as yet, to be neither licked nor penitent, but still bad, according to her depleted abilities; still cruel to the defenseless on land and sea, still prodigal in deceits, still reaching out with a strong hand for anything she can grab.



THAT is the trouble. That is why, though William Hearst and his clients are pleased with the action of the Reserve Board, the rest of us regret that the Board could not have done what seemed its duty to the banks without checking so seriously the flow of the money of investors to the Allies aid. The motives of the Reserve Board are above suspicion, and its abilities are very much respected. Its opinion that the banks ought not to invest too large a proportion of their liquid assets in Allied notes is doubtless sound, but the Allies are still the world's best bet, and for American investors to stop backing them would be a calamity.

We hope they won't stop. One would rather see money from here going over

to repair the ruins of Europe than to maintain the war, but we cannot have our choice at present as to that.

As though we were not aware of that, we have, just at this writing, very positive assurances about it in a letter to the *Tribune* from Mr. Sydney Brooks of the *London Times*. Mr. Brooks says it is too soon yet for any neutral to do anything to end the war, and he feels impelled "with all possible bluntness" to "convey to Americans the warning, 'Hands off.'"

We doubt that the Americans need the warning, bluntly conveyed or otherwise, but if they do, it will better be urged upon them by their own advisers. One always feels that he may safely leave the faults and errors of the English to the English, confident that they will attend to them thoroughly. With equal confidence, we believe Mr. Brooks may leave to the Americans the duty of discouraging in Americans any improper ardor in pursuit of peace.

Nevertheless the mouths of the peace-shouters in this country ought not to be stopped. Let them holler all they like. They have a great subject, and it needs to be talked out. We should not grudge to Mr. Hearst his editorial amplitudes, nor his exclamatory type, nor his Christ pictures, nor even his German-colored news, which is so easily discounted; nor grudge to "Cosmos"—a very different authority—his space in the *Times*. Let the talk flow amply; also the counter-talk, but when it comes to something concrete like Mr. Congressman Fitzgerald's attempt at a food embargo, that is a different matter and proper to be smitten promptly in the eye.



WE have all to thank the *World* for the very interesting and gratifying love-feast over the lighting of the Bartholdi statue on December second. At the dinner at the Waldorf the sentiments of Americans towards France came out with admirable frankness and unanimity. It was the greatest flow of soul in many a day, and the presence of President Wilson and the French



William to Ferdinand: CHEER UP. I AM NOT SO VERY HAPPY MYSELF

Ambassador made one feel more than usual that our country and France were drawing into the relations in which they belonged. Not even the pro-Germanest critic of these States ventures to impute to this country a colonial attitude towards France. It is admitted tacitly that if the American heart goes out to France it is a sentiment for which there is a valid and honorable foundation. President Wilson said it had come from a community of ideals and identity of purpose between two republics, for one republic, he said, must love another.

In his short and admirable speech he touched upon peace to record the conviction that had deepened in him during the last two years, that "peace is going to come to the world only

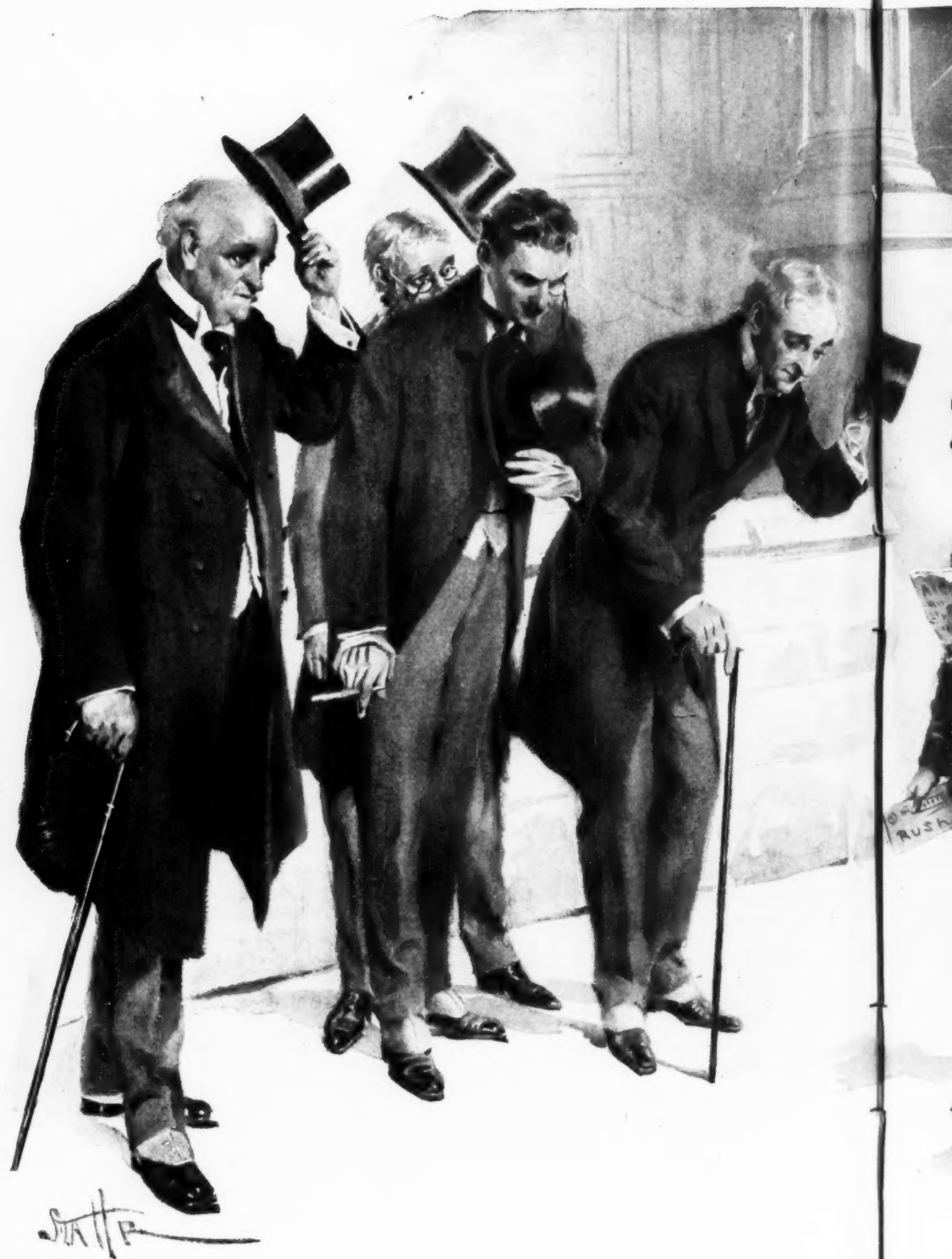
through liberty." It cannot come, he said, "so long as the destinies of men are determined by small groups who make selfish choices of their own." The peace of the world, he thought, "is not going to be assured by the compact of nations but by the sympathies of men."

There ought to be reassurance in these words for persons who fear that our President is about to increase the troubles of the world by butting into Europe with untimely peace proposals. Where is a man less likely to be a cat's-paw for Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs or Prussian junkers? Mr. Wilson's sympathies are for the people in Europe, just as they are for the people in these States. We may safely infer that his sympathies will be with governments

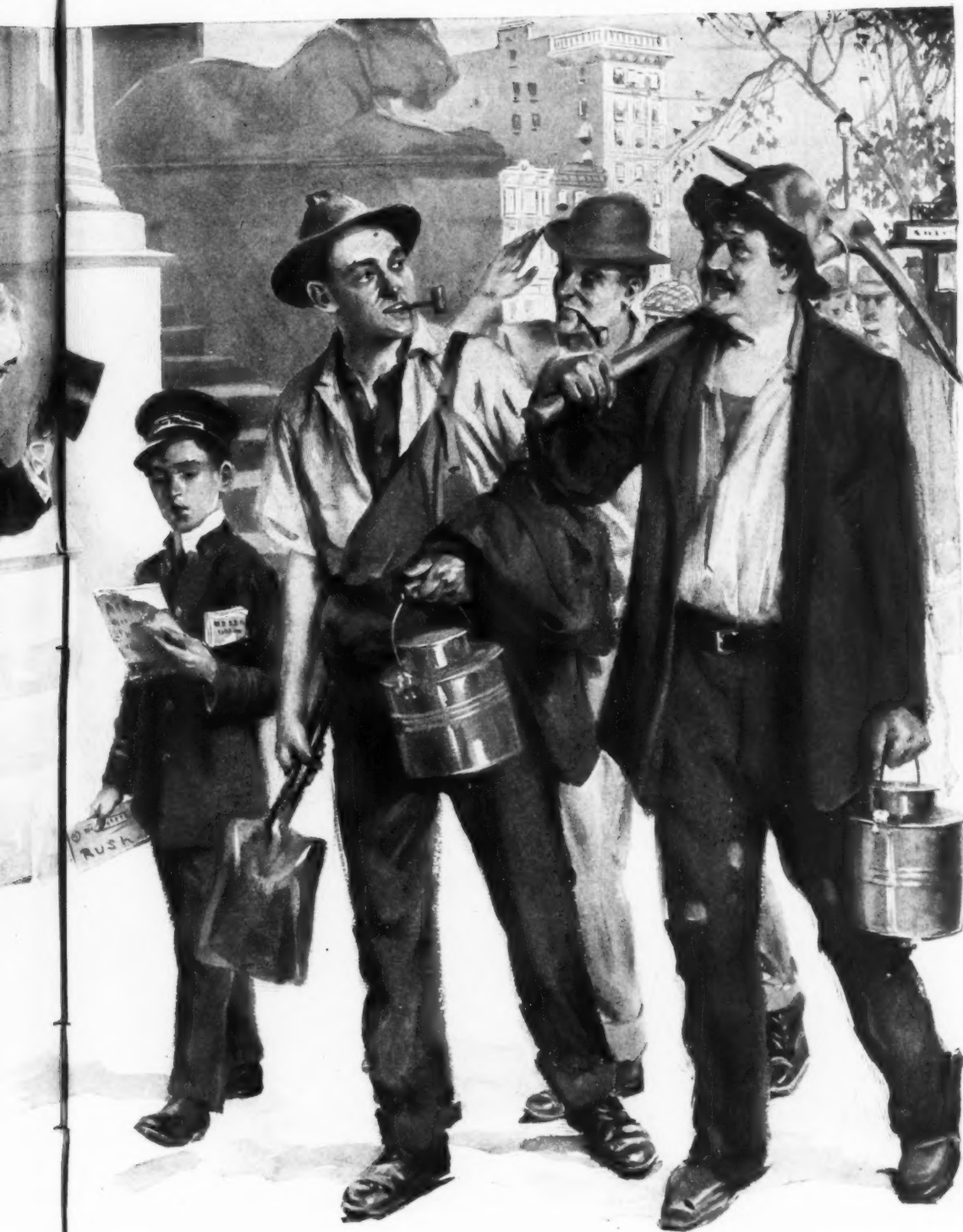
in so far as they represent and serve their people, but not with governments that mislead and exploit them. When he thinks of the war he probably thinks most of the struggling and suffering people of all Europe, groping more or less blindly toward they know not what new life, and considers what on earth he can do to help them. That he worries much about the fate of dynasties or the appeasement of the territorial appetite of this or that hereditary statesman would not be safe to bet. The more anyone thinks about the needs of the people of Europe and the less about the ambitions of their bosses the more he gets to feel that peace is possible and ought to come.

It is impossible, and probably undesirable, to exterminate even the Prussians. What is wanted is a deep political change of heart in Germany, and the argument is worth notice that that would be a likelier issue of a proper and timely peace than of complete prostration. If one could only get the German bacillus in a laboratory vessel and experiment with it, and learn its proceedings under various courses of treatment, it would be a great help, and the doctors might get an anti-toxin that would cure the disease. But that can't be done. Nothing but empirical treatment is possible, and that has to be conducted in the teeth of the knowledge that afflicted nations are apt not to stay good even after they are cured.

Just now we get no encouraging news. The Rumanians are getting it in the neck; everybody on the Somme is tired and wet; the Belgians are in deep distress; the Greeks are terribly mixed in argument; the British are swapping horses mid-stream; the Russians ought to have Constantinople, but heaven knows if they are getting it; and Poland, Servia, Armenia and other peoples are starving. It is rule or ruin with Germany now. If our President's capable mind dwells on Europe and tries to think out some means to help it, we should not repine at that. The job is to save Europe in spite of its bosses, and probably our sense of that helps to account for our confident sympathy with France, which has no bosses, save such as her extremity has raised up for her out of the mass of her people.



From Whom All Bless
CAPITAL SAVING LAI



Whom All Blessings Flow
CAPITAL SAVING LABOR



And the Cry Is: Still They Come



PERHAPS, with the exception of Henry Irving, no stage artist was ever subjected to more ridicule, lampooning and criticism than was Sarah Bernhardt in the years when she first became prominent in her career. Wonderfully gifted in many ways, and especially with the sense of advertising, which she still possesses, she turned even abuse and misfortune to her own advantage. The result is that to-day, far advanced in years, disabled in a way that would seem hopelessly to bar anyone from her calling, she remains the most interesting personality in the whole world of the theatre.

She comes to America this time in circumstances that make for the most profitable tour she has yet enjoyed. All America is alive with sympathy and admiration for France and its people, there is a feeling that, although the farewell feature is not strongly emphasized, this is probably the last opportunity Americans will have to see her acting, and there is unquestionably a vast curiosity concerning her ability to overcome the handicap of a missing member, coupled with an admiration for her pluck in making the effort.

Her first appearance in New York during this engagement was made yet more difficult by a cold so evidently serious that the audience recognized that many a younger artist would have found it impossible to give a performance for this reason alone. In spite of the physical obstacles the wonderful courage of this aged woman enabled her to assume the appearance of youth in three pieces of entirely different character, and in each of them to stir the emotions of her audience deeply, in some cases even to tears. It was a true triumph of mind and will over human weakness, and it gained for her an enthusiastic applause by a standing and cheering audience such as is rarely achieved by an artist in material and cynical New York. It was a wonder that she could act at all—it was more a wonder that the old magnetism and fire were still there to enable Bernhardt in these late days to demonstrate in such circumstances that she remains great as an artist.

IN "The Harp of Life," which Mr. Hartley Manners has written for Laurette Taylor's return to the New York stage, there is a parallelism with Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "The Blindness of Virtue," both being based on the danger of permitting children to grow up in ignorance of certain matters because their adult relatives and educators are either too stupid or cowardly to give them the proper enlightenment in the candid and proper way. In the latter play the girl heroine was left ignorant; in "The Harp of Life" the boy hero receives full instruction from his mother. In both cases the result was failure, one from ignorance and the other in spite of instruction, so what do our dramatist teachers or duty in these matters expect us to infer?

Mr. Manners embodies his ideas on this subject in a long and didactic speech which, delivered by anyone else and with

less charm than Laurette Taylor gave to it, would probably have driven his first audience from the theatre and kept others away. This does not mean that his teaching is wrong or that it should not be taught, but it was lugged into the play by the heels in such a way as to seem a strong argument against the stage ever having an educational purpose. However, the star's sincerity and ability hurdled even this obstacle to success, and the first two acts were found to be a delightful picture of English domestic life, well portrayed by an excellently chosen company, and with Laurette Taylor's delightful personality lending joy or pathos to every scene. The pleasantly developed plot then led up to a third act, a celebrated scene from "Camille" with the reverse English applied, the *Père Duval* being substituted by the *Mère Brooke*. As in the earlier play, the parental pathos and arguments, here less emotionally applied, were effective in winning the errant youth from the seductive siren.

"The Harp of Life" interests and is well done throughout, but it may show Mr. Manners that education from the stage should be indirect instead of so frankly didactic. And please, Laurette Taylor, don't become a stage mother just yet. Lovable as you are in the rôle, we like you better as a girl. And please take notice that in urging this request not once in this notice has appeared a comparison with or mention of a certain other play with which your name has been connected.



"FOLLOW ME" is a girl-and-music show of even more than usual brilliancy in its settings and costumes. It goes with unusual dash, its music is fully up to the prevailing standard of catchiness, it has considerable fun, and some of its people—notably two Spanish dancers named Cansino—are clever in their respective lines. Unfortunately Anna Held is the star, and after one or two appearances in her startling costumes her every appearance was the signal for a lapse in the interest of the audience. A widely advertised personality may be a valuable asset, but it has to be backed up by more ability and versatility than Anna Held possesses to justify its being made so



"NOW KEEP CLOSE TOGETHER, CHILDREN, WHILE MOTHER PAYS THE FARE"

large a percentage of any entertainment. However, Anna Held's name, her rolling eyes and fantastic costumes may be just what the public is thirsting for.

“MILE-A-MINUTE KENDALL” is a moderately-diverting farcical comedy in which the virtue of rural surroundings works the customary cure on the vicious propensities of a rapid city youth. It is well played, has considerable fun, and should do a good business with the aid of the cut-rate ticket agencies.

THE Aborns are again demonstrating their managerial courage with a season of the higher class operas at popular prices, given at the Park Theatre. Persons who can conceive of opera's being opera without an accompaniment of diamond tiaras, low-cut gowns and six-dollar seats will find these performances quite worthy of consideration and enjoyment. Discovered by an American traveler in some obscure Continental town, they would deserve columns of letters to the American newspapers showing how much superior Europe is to America in its natural appreciation of good music. The Metropolitan habitué

would probably retort that anyone who could go anywhere except to the Metropolitan likes his opera raw.

THE unique settings and the spirit of the plays and playing given at the Portmanteau Theatre lend an unusual air to its performances. The entertainment has a touch of childhood and the fairy-tale atmosphere, although it appeals to more than childish understanding. They are far from highbrow, although they call for more imagination than is credited to the average theatregoer. Producers and actors do much with very limited stage accessories, and it is interesting to note how much they accomplish with the Dunsany plays, whose spectacular possibilities might tax the resources of even the largest theatres. The jaded playgoer will find refreshment in the simplicity and ingenuousness of the Portmanteau.

“SUCH IS LIFE,” the slenderest of slender, polite, English comedies, demonstrated that such is not life by dying at the end of its first week. For extended criticism may be substituted the fact that at one of the performances the total receipts were seven dollars and fifty cents.

Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—“Her Soldier Boy” with Adele Rowland and Messrs. Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas. Notice later.

Belasco.—“Seven Chances,” by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Remarkable possibilities confronting a young man about to be married made into diverting and well-acted farcical comedy.

Booth.—Mr. William Faversham in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's “Getting Married.” Satirical comedy of the author's usual clever sort, very well acted by an excellent company.

Casino.—Anna Held in “Follow Me.” See above.

Century.—“The Century Girl.” Girl-and-music show elaborately staged and in very magnificent surroundings. Beware of the speculators.

Cohan and Harris's.—“Captain Kidd, Jr.” by Rida Johnson Young. Farcical and at points dainty comedy of treasure trove.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players. An interesting and uniquely staged bill of four diversified playlets.

Cort.—“Upstairs and Down,” by Mr. and Mrs. Hutton. Farcical comedy, gamy in flavor and purporting to depict some phase of society life on Long Island.

Criterion.—Mr. John Drew in the title rôle of “Major Pendennis.” An unusually faithful and interesting reproduction of some of the characters and the atmosphere of a famous novel.

Eltzings.—“Cheating Cheaters,” by Mr. Max Marcin. Surprises and fun drawn from the enterprises of the upper circles of crookdom.

Empire.—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in repertoire. See above.

Forty-fourth Street.—“Flora Bella,” with Lina Abarbanell. Unusually agreeable comic operetta, most pleasantly performed.

Forty-eighth Street.—“The Thirteenth Chair,” by Mr. Bayard Veiller. Interesting and cleverly acted crime melodrama with a mystery whose solution is not quite fair to the audience.

Fulton.—“The Master,” from the German of Herman Bahr, with Mr. Arnold Daly. Notice later.

Gaiety.—“Turn to the Right,” by Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Highly amusing and well-acted farcical comedy with ex-jailbirds as the heroes.

Globe.—Laurette Taylor in “The Harp of Life,” by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. See above.

Harris.—Margaret Illington in “Our Little Wife,” by Avery Hopwood. Diverting farce, full of laughs and with Margaret Illington as the able comedienne, supported by a good company.

Hippodrome.—“The Big Show.” Very big and brilliant stage setting of ballet, spectacle, ice carnival and vaudeville features.

Hudson.—“Pollyanna.” Optimism agreeably and amusingly set forth in the person of a young girl battling with adverse circumstances.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. David Warfield in revival of “The Music Master,” by the late Charles Klein. A dramatic combination of humor and pathos which, admirably acted, seems to lose none of its charm with age.

Liberty.—“Intolerance.” The big possibilities of the moving picture threaded on an argument against bigotry.

Little.—“L'Enfant Prodiges,” re-christ-



THE OLD MANSE

ened “Pierrot the Prodigal.” Drama in delightful pantomime with charming musical accompaniment.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in “Nothing But the Truth,” by Mr. James Montgomery. A very laughable demonstration of the imaginative hypothesis that there are circumstances under which a Wall Street man may tell the truth.

Lyceum.—“Mile-a-Minute Kendall.” See above.

Lyric.—“A Daughter of the Gods.” Annette Kellermann as the picturesque heroine of a movie fairy story with delightful scenes from Jamaica.

Marine Elliott's.—Last week of “Fixing Sister,” with Mr. William Hodge. Slender medium for the display of the more or less amusing personality of the star.

Park.—Aborn Opera Company in repertoire. See above.

Playhouse.—“The Man Who Came Back,” by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Stronger than usual drama, very well staged and played.

Princess.—“Margery Daw,” by Mr. George D. Parker. Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—“Treasure Island.” Good dramatization and picturesque staging of Stevenson's famous pirate story.

Republic.—“Good Gracious, Annabelle.” Clever and well-acted extremely light farcical comedy.

Shubert.—“So Long, Letty.” Charlotte Greenwood's eccentric abilities given full scope in an amusing musical play.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Emma Dunn in “Old Lady 31,” by Rachel Crothers. Unique and well-acted rural comedy which, although its characters are mostly old persons, is very amusing.

Winter Garden.—“The Show of Wonders.” Elaborate and diverting effort which successfully distracts the t. b. m. by giving him girl-and-music diversion from the sordid cares of his daily life.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Bed-time postponed six or eight hours by the aid of cabaret and midnight vaudeville.

Real American Help



MAURICETTE ABRAHAM,
BABY 393

THE good work goes on. LIFE has received from its readers a total of \$40,363.23, from which 228,736.99 francs have been remitted to Paris to care for French war orphans. Seventy-three dollars keeps a French baby with its mother for two critical years of its life instead of its being committed to the cold charity of a public institution.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Frank H. Moss, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 527.....	\$73
Charles W. Hubbard, 3d, Auburndale, Mass., for Baby No. 528.....	73
Edward B. Hubbard, Auburndale, Mass., for Baby No. 529....	73
Charles H. Meigs, Auburndale, Mass., for Baby No. 530.....	73
H. J. Cadwell, Carthage, N. Y., for Baby No. 531.....	73
F. U. F., Milwaukee, Wis., for Baby No. 532.....	73
George F. Craig, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 533..	73
Frances S., Natalie E. and Edward S. Hutchinson, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 534.....	73
NEW YORK STATE FRENCH TEACHERS' FUND—Doctor Thomas Hunter Baby. Fund collected from among the French teachers of the Hunter College and the Academic Department of Hunter College, New York City, by Miss Claudine Gray, for Baby No. 535.....	73
S. W. Waterhouse, San Jose, Cal., for Baby No. 537..	73
Pilgrim Chapter, D. A. R., Iowa City, Iowa, by Mrs. Edward Clinton Biggs, for Baby No. 538.....	73
Robert F. Welsh, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 539..	73
Mrs. Frank B. McQuesten, Marblehead Neck, Mass., for Baby No. 540.....	73
A. C. G. and C. O. G., Ridley Park, Pa., for Baby No. 541.....	73
Miss Estelle Lytle Dunn, Toledo, O., for Baby No. 542.	73



ANDRE PETIT, BABY 308, AND HIS FATHER,
WHO WAS KILLED AT VERDUN, APRIL 15, 1916



Miss Dorothy Davis, Roslyn, L. I., for Baby No. 543..	73
Elizabeth Gardiner, Alice Gardiner and Henry E. Gardiner, Anaconda, Montana, for Baby No. 544.....	73
H. S. B., New York City, for Baby No. 545.....	73
Mrs. Richard P. Joy, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 546.	73
Anonymous, Belmont, Mass., for Baby No. 547.....	73
Mrs. Francis Joseph Finucane, Spokane, Wash., for Baby No. 548.....	73
Miss Helen E. Busser, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 549.....	73
Alex and Margaret Caldwell, Wheeling, W. Va., for Baby No. 550.....	73
Sophie K. Underwood and Gertrude B. Lane, New York City, for Baby No. 551.....	73
"The Colonial Dames of America" in the State of Washington, on account.....	36.50
Fleur de Lys Aid Club, Gastonia, N. C., on account....	33

FOR BABY NUMBER 497

NEW YORK STATE FRENCH TEACHERS' FUND—Contributed by Mme. Helene Sebree, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$5; French students of the Brockport Normal, collected by Helen F. Smith, \$10; collected from S. D. Hewitt, Buffalo, N. Y., by Professor A. W. Ballard, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City, \$10.....	\$25
Already acknowledged.....	48
	\$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 526

Already acknowledged.....	\$7.26
Mrs. Sherman Clarke, Rochester, N. Y.....	5
From Rose and Donald, U. S. Army, Butler, Pa.....	10
Ray.....	10
Margaret H. Wentworth, Hudson Falls, N. Y.....	5
R. S., Hingham, Mass.....	10
A. H. Jaeggli, Pittsburgh, Pa.....	1
J. Schmalacky, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1
Helen Childs Cushing, East Orange, N. J.....	1
M. C. H., San Diego, Cal.....	5
	\$55.26

FOR BABY NUMBER 536

NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' FUND—Collected by Mme. Helene Sebree, \$11; collected in the French Department of Ossining High School by Miss Emma A. Miller, \$10.10; collected in the French Department of the Olean High School by Miss L. M. Oaksford, \$3.27.....	\$24.37
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In this list we print the numbers and names of the babies, followed by the names of the contributors.

334. Edmond Lévy. "Russian Bank," San Francisco, Cal.
335. Suzanne Lévy. "Russian Bank," San Francisco, Cal.
373. Albert Lonzat. Mrs. Elizabeth Beck, Long Beach, Cal.
374. Marie Magueur. Mary R. and H. K. M., Paicines, Cal.
375. Jean Monge. Helen and Betsy McLanahan, Hollidaysburg, Pa.
377. Jean Moreaux. H. M., H. and A. M. Bartlett, Cambridge, Mass.
378. Gervaise Pannier. Miss Anna D. Hubbell, Rochester, N. Y.
388. Roger Pelvet. An Engineer on the Italian Front, Italy.
379. Colette Perreau. L. M. P., New York City.
380. Georges Pertuy. Miss Josephine P. Clark, Fredonia, N. Y.
381. Jean Philipp. Herbert D. Betts, Wilmington, Del.
391. Jean Pilven. Mrs. T. G. Lovelace, Peoria, Ill.
392. Jean Pilven. Mrs. Mary S. Macdougall, Haverhill, Mass.
382. Marcel Piney. Brackett H. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.
376. Marcelle Poiray. Fannie Brice, New York City.
383. Elie Roulet. Halford R. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.
355. Cécile Torrent. From the guests of Toy Town Tavern, Winchendon, Mass.

(Continued on page 1122)

A Letter from a Horse

By Christopher Morley

DEAR SIR:

I am just one of the old broken-down horses your readers sometimes see on the city streets, and perhaps I have no business intruding upon your pages.

Have you ever tried to imagine the life of a city horse? Not the beautiful silky creatures you see in the park, but the overdriven, half-starved drudges of the business streets. In the fiery heat of midsummer, in the bitter snowy winter, goaded with stick, boot and hand, our work is never done. Did you ever see one of us step into a saloon for a moment's refreshment? Did you ever see a horse loafing on his job?

Did you ever wonder why it is that so often when you offer us a kind touch or a pat as you cross the street, we start and draw back? Does that mean anything to you? What would you think if a man trembled and shrank away when you offered to shake hands with him? Would you think that his life had been a happy one?

The other day I stood by the pavement after tugging a heavy load for many blocks. I was warm and moist from exertion, but the cold wind beat upon me without any blanket or covering to soften it. I was thinking about my life, ever since I was a colt on a Jersey farm; thinking rather grimly that we horses have not even the coward's — remedy of suicide that I believe you men sometimes try when life is too hard. A man came down the street and stopped by me. I could read much in his face. "Never mind, old man," he said. "You've fought a good fight. Some day, when I have the money, I'm going to have a bronze tablet carved by the best sculptor in this country, and put up somewhere in honor of the horses who have worked for mankind. And this is what I shall write on it:"

Erected in love and gratitude
to the honor of the millions
of loyal and patient
HORSES
who have given their lives
in the faithful service of mankind

But he was a shabby young man and I don't suppose he will ever be able to carry out his idea. But it was encouraging, wasn't it?

Faithfully yours,

A HORSE.



Office Boy: GEE WHIZ! IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD HAD WENT UP IN PRICE EXCEPT ME

Two-End Repression

MINGUS (*speaking of one who has just passed*): He certainly has a squelched appearance.

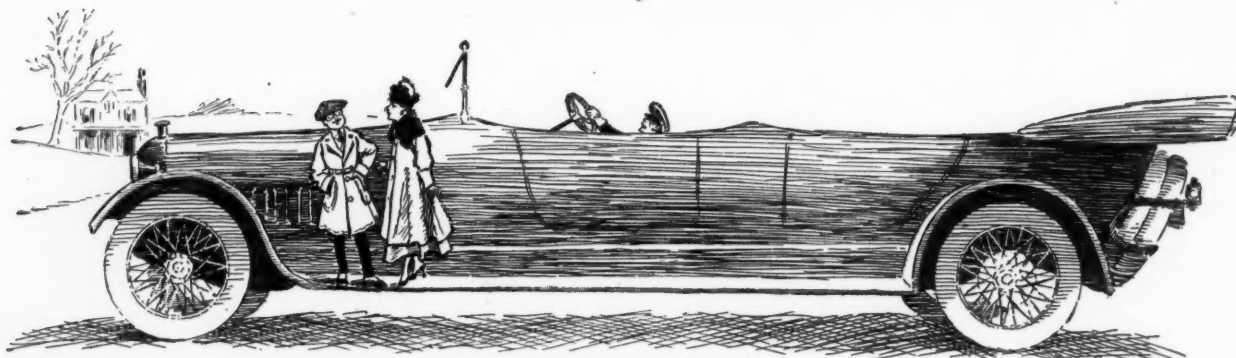
SILLBENT: No wonder. His wife won't let him express his mind at home, and his boss won't let him express it at the office.

MINGUS: What's his business?

SILLBENT: He's a newspaper editor.

Hope

OUT in the Dutch section of Pennsylvania, where the natives pronounce V as if it were W, an oft-married citizen was attending the funeral of his third wife. He was greatly affected at the grave, and finally sank to the ground unconscious. As friends went to his aid, a local physician remarked: "Just let him alone; he will revive."



Gentleman in automobile-advertising picture: GLADYS, WE DON'T GET ENOUGH EXERCISE
 Lady in automobile-advertising picture: I KNOW WE DON'T. LET'S WALK THE LENGTH OF
 THE CAR

Investigating Mother Goose

MOTHER GOOSE was the chief witness yesterday before the United States Commission on Juvenile Relations. There is a strong faction that contends she should be denied the freedom of the nursery. Her testimony was in part as follows:

Q. What is your full name?

A. My full and correct name is Elizabeth Goldielocks Goose, but I am always called Mother Goose for short.

Q. I will ask you, Mother Goose, whether you consider yourself in every way a fit companion for children?

A. I do, Mr. Chairman. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. By that I mean that the proof of the child is in the adult. Look at the people about you. Every single one of them, without exception, has been reared on my rhymes.

Q. But, Mother Goose, assuming that the human race is at present in a most excellent condition, do you claim it is entirely on account of your rhymes, or is it in spite of them?

A. I cannot conceive how anyone who has not had a thorough course in my jingles can grow up to be anything but a dolt and a dullard.

Q. But you do not claim that your literary productions make any sense, do you?

A. I do not.

Q. For instance, you say here that a cow jumped over the moon and that a dish ran away with a spoon. Now

anybody knows that a cow is a very poor jumper. Could anything be more senseless?

A. Nothing that I can think of. If I could think of something more senseless, I would put it in my rhymes.

Q. How then, Mother Goose, do you justify deliberately teaching children things that make no sense when there are so many important things they should know?

A. My jingles are entertaining. They aim to be nothing more, and that is sufficient excuse for anything.

Q. But don't your jingles often have a corrupting effect? Here, for instance, you tell about a boy named Horner, who thought it smart to stick

his thumb into a Christmas pie. Don't you think that is a very bad example in table manners to set before children?

A. That is not an example in table manners. You will note that young Horner was not at table at all; he was in a corner at the time.

Q. In another place you tell about a man named Peter who kept his wife in a pumpkin shell. Doesn't that tend toward a certain degradation of woman?

A. Quite the contrary. This man, Peter, loved his wife so much that he was willing to do most anything in order to keep her.

Q. You do not maintain, do you, Mother Goose, that your childish rhymes are of any use in after life?

A. Indeed I do. Humorists of every generation have always found it profitable to parody my productions. They have helped to point out many a moral and adorn many a tale.

Q. But you are getting so frightfully old, Mother Goose.

A. I may be old, but my rhymes are always as new as the rest of the world to the growing children.

Q. Do you wish to add anything further in your own behalf?

A. No; anyone with as many friends as I have needn't worry.

Mother Goose was thereupon excused, with the thanks of the Commission.

Ellis O. Jones.



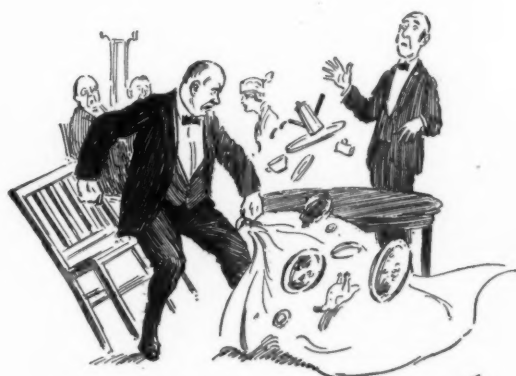
HEART-ACHES



REJECTED



ALSO REJECTED



"THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT"



(LOUDLY): "IT'S THE WORST SHOW I EVER SAW, AND I'M GOING TO DEMAND MY MONEY BACK"



"WHAT! NO LETTER FROM ALICE? THIS IS TOO MUCH!"

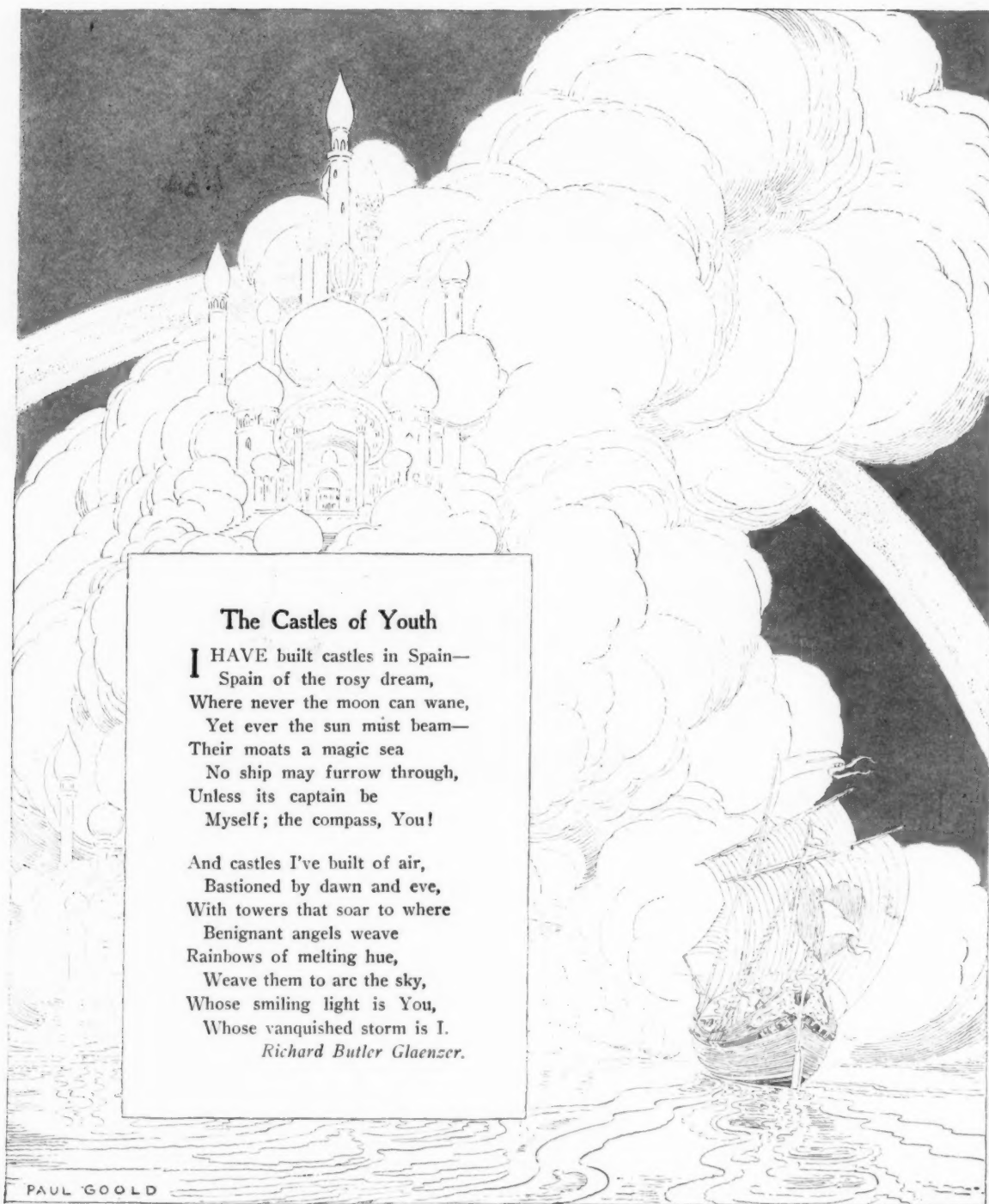


"ACCOUNT OVERDRAWN? LIAR! THIEF! TAKE THAT"



"MISSED IT!"

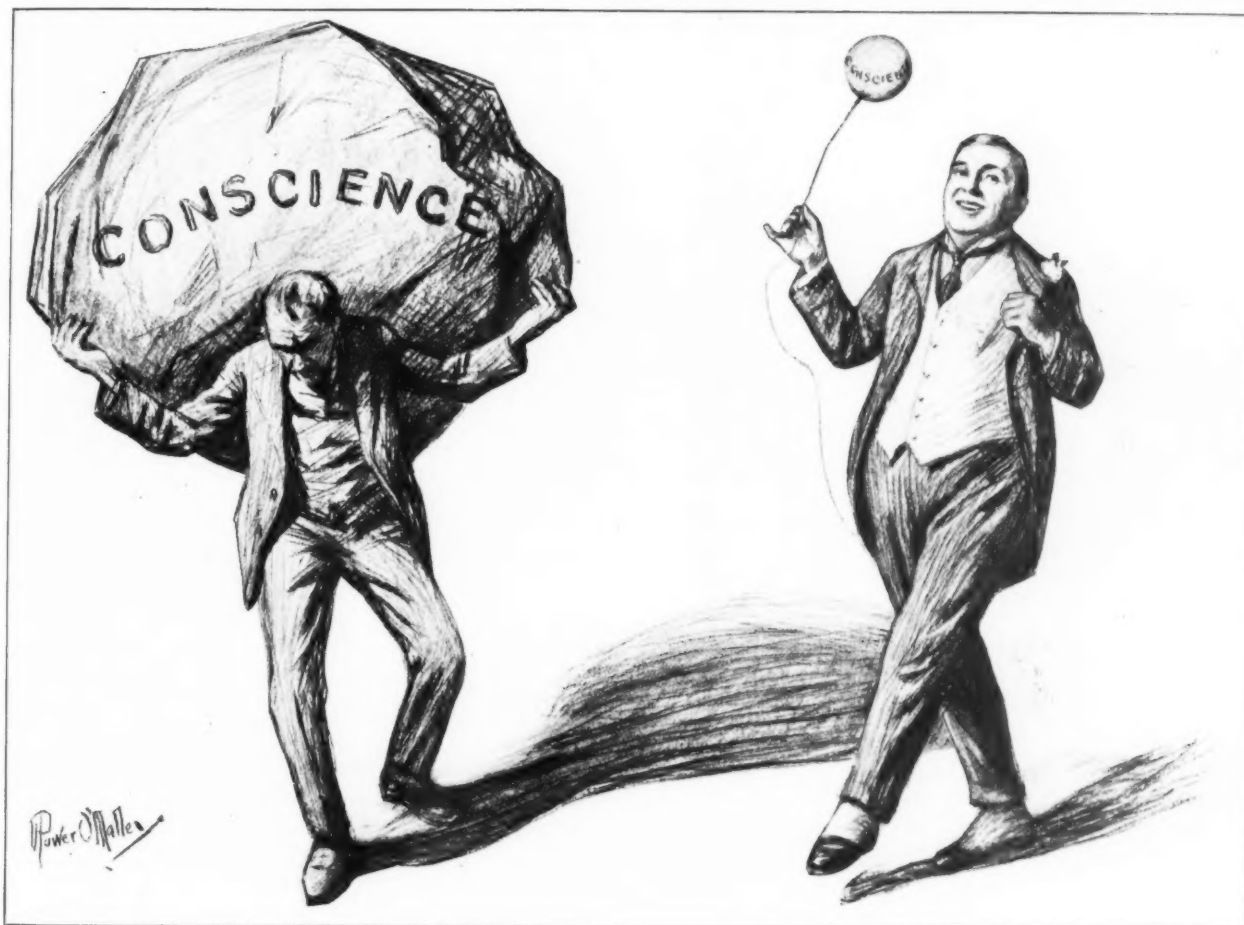
IF WE OBEYED THAT IMPULSE IN MOMENTS OF DISAPPOINTMENT



The Castles of Youth

I HAVE built castles in Spain—
Spain of the rosy dream,
Where never the moon can wane,
Yet ever the sun must beam—
Their moats a magic sea
No ship may furrow through,
Unless its captain be
Myself; the compass, You!

And castles I've built of air,
Bastioned by dawn and eve,
With towers that soar to where
Benignant angels weave
Rainbows of melting hue,
Weave them to arc the sky,
Whose smiling light is You,
Whose vanquished storm is I.
Richard Butler Glaesner.



THE SAME SIN



"FOR A WONDER"

The Candid Professor Speaks

GENTLEMEN, this course in English History which I am going to give you will bore me as much as it will bore you. I wrote these notes over ten years ago, so that if any of you have notes taken by former students you can read even the jokes and *jeux d'esprit* before you come into class. I don't expect to know any of you personally. My secretary corrects the final examination papers. Nevertheless, I shall be willing to recommend you as preparatory school teachers at the close of the year. I do this to accommodate a bureau of employment conducted by the college. The recommendations are read by those in authority, and I want them to sound well, so that I will hold my job. I shall now begin to read the notes, and I feel sure that you all will absent-mindedly take down erroneous notes in your usual illegible handwriting.



"P-O-O-R HARVARD"

My Wife

MY wife is a busy-body. She is busy with the affairs and interests of everyone outside of her home. She has many acquaintances and spends most of her time among them. Their words of wisdom impress her tremendously.

To-day she returned just at twilight and glanced at my fruit trees with disgust on her face.

"Mrs. Watkins told me this afternoon," she said, in the voice of one addressing a delinquent child, "that her husband gets five times as many apples from his trees by spraying them than he did before. Why in the world don't you do it?"

I said nothing. What is the use? You do not know my wife.

For seven years I have sprayed my trees faithfully each spring. It was I who advised Watkins!

William Sanford.

MINISTER: And so you are about to take unto yourself a new wife.

ABSENT-MINDED WIDOWER (an exchange fiend): Yes; what will you allow me for the old one?

For Dancers

SO prance that when thy summons comes to haunt
The innumerable restaurants of din and dinner fame,
And when the ragtime music plays, where each shall do
His duty on the glistening dancing floor,
Thou go not like the stumbling clodhopper
After the plow, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering partner, perform the steps
Like one who truly tries each night at home
To limp like ducks and trot like fox and turkey.

E. O. J.

The Man You Love

THE man you love is sometimes a queer combination, no matter how much you may love him. One of the reasons why he is so is not because he does unexpected things, but because he doesn't do the things you expect. And the things which he doesn't do and which you expect him to do are always the very things which you really didn't expect him to do, because you thought, of course, that he would do them. Or perhaps we should say that you didn't think that he wouldn't do them.

This man that you love doesn't mean, of course, not to do the things which you expect him to do. He is very sorry about not doing them, and desperately repentant, and tries to tell you why he didn't do them. Which is, of course, just what you don't want to know. What strikes you as queer about him is that he should try to defend himself for not doing something that he certainly ought to have done without even having a reason for doing it. Because there are some things which every woman knows ought to be done without its being necessary to produce a reason for doing them.

The man you love is just like this, isn't he?

THE woman who first says to a painter, "Paint me as I am—don't flatter me," will be the first superwoman.



"THANK GOODNESS! HE'S OFF MY HANDS"



THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH WAR ORPHANS

(INCORPORATED 1916)

Appeal for Orphan Children of French Soldiers who have died in defense of France

It is reported that the number of French orphans who will ultimately need aid will be in excess of 400,000, and that there are at the present time 200,000 in ACTUAL WANT. The stupendous and crushing burden of the war will not permit the French Government to pay more than 10 francs (\$2) per month per orphan, and it is NECESSARY FOR PRIVATE CHARITY TO CONTRIBUTE AT LEAST 15 FRANCS (\$3) PER MONTH ADDITIONAL FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF EACH CHILD.

The AMERICAN SOCIETY has pledged itself to help several thousand orphans during the six months commencing Nov. 1, 1916, and it desires to increase the number as speedily as possible and to extend the period of assistance. It will be doubly helpful to those in need if they can be assured at the outset of this winter, which will be exceptionally hard upon France, that fixed aid from Americans can be relied upon to prevent actual suffering among orphans.

It is expected that the organization known as THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE will be absorbed by and act as a branch of the AMERICAN SOCIETY.

America's debt long owed to France is incalculable. Without the aid given to the Colonists during the Revolution by the French, as individuals and as a nation, our struggle for independence would have failed. Warships, soldiers, munition, supplies and money furnished by France, who thus impoverished herself, enabled us to win. Americans should make some return for the SERVICES and SACRIFICES of the FRANCE of LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU at the time WHEN AMERICA NEEDED HELP, and they should help discharge the debt, for which Washington pledged our "most unalterable gratitude." Contribution to the

FRENCH WAR ORPHANS FUND

offers the opportunity for all America to pay, at least in part, our DEBT of HONOR. The needs of the WAR ORPHANS OF FRANCE this winter peculiarly call for American sympathy and help and it would be fitting if, each American contributing according to his means, the AMERICAN SOCIETY were enabled, by bringing succor and comfort to the orphaned and suffering children of French soldiers, to extend a helping hand to France in a way that must touch the hearts of her people, now heroically and self-sacrificingly facing unparalleled calamities in a spirit which has thrilled the whole world.

The AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH WAR ORPHANS has been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York for the term of 15 years for the purpose of

(1) Raising funds by voluntary contributions to be used for the aid and relief of needy French children whose fathers have lost their lives as the result of the present war in Europe, and

(2) Systematizing and centralizing the collection of funds in the United States for that purpose and their effective distribution in France.

Its membership is divided into (1) "Founders," who contribute \$500 or more per annum; (2) "Benefactors," who contribute \$250 per annum; (3) "Sustaining Members," who contribute \$100 per annum, and (4) "Contributing Members," who contribute up to \$100 per annum.

The American Society undertakes, by means of its membership dues and a guaranty fund, to defray ALL the EXPENSES of management, collection and distribution of contributions for FRENCH WAR ORPHANS in order that the ENTIRE AMOUNT contributed for the aid and relief of these HELPLESS CHILDREN may be applied to their needs without any deduction for expenses of any kind, here or abroad.

The AMERICAN SOCIETY solicits contributions to its WAR ORPHANS FUND in order to be able to pledge fixed monthly aid towards the support of as large a number of FRENCH WAR ORPHANS as possible at the rate of three dollars a month for each child.

DONATIONS to the FRENCH WAR ORPHANS FUND should be sent by checks or post office money orders to the order of THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH WAR ORPHANS enclosed with a subscription, in the form of the blank at the foot of this announcement, to "THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH WAR ORPHANS, 120 Broadway, New York City," where all communications should be addressed.

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Date

Name

Address {

..... 191



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

An Easy Job

Murphy was taking a day off, says an English weekly, and wishing to enjoy himself thoroughly, he walked round to watch "the boys." He was surprised to see his friend Kelly working as if carrying a hodful of mortar up and down a ladder was the only thing he took any real pleasure in.

"It's yourself that's working mighty hard to-day, Kelly!" expostulated Murphy.

"Whist! I'm just making a fool of the boss!" said Kelly, winking slyly.

"And how are you doing that, Kelly?"

"Sure, Murphy, it's as easy as kissing your hand! He sees me going up the ladder with my hod full of mortar and he thinks I'm working. But, Murphy, my boy, it's the same hodful I'm carting up and down all the time."

—*Youth's Companion.*



"THAT'S QUEER! I SAW A LOT OF SAND UP HERE!"

Handicapped

An elderly woman, slightly deaf, who is inclined to make the imperfect ear a greater handicap than it really is, was recently taken to a moving-picture show.

"And how did you enjoy the pictures?" asked her companion afterward.

"Well, on account of my poor hearing I do not get the pleasure from entertainments I used to."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Mean Advantage

"But couldn't you learn to love me, Stella?" he pleaded.

"I don't think I could, Frank," she replied.

He stood erect, then quickly reached for his hat. "It is as I feared—you are too old to learn."—*Everybody's.*

"It only takes me twenty minutes to get to my office," said Mr. Chuggins.

"But you didn't arrive until an hour after you telephoned that you were leaving home."

"Yes. It took me the other forty minutes to get the car started."

—*Washington Star.*

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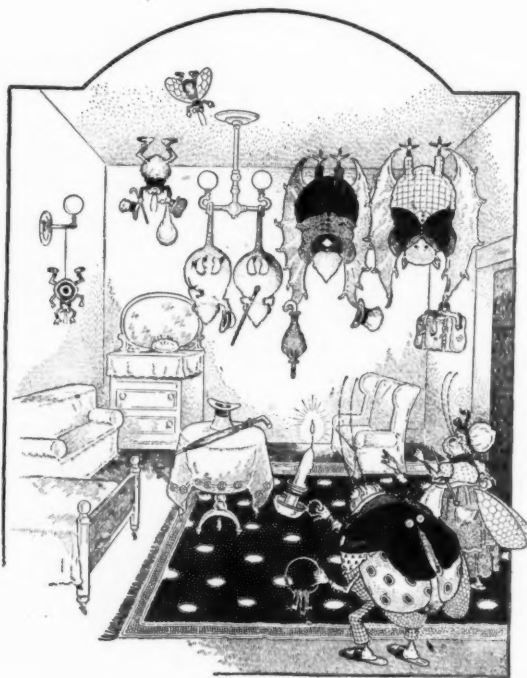
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"JUST PANTS"

"I AIN'T GOT NO STOCKINGS. WONDER IF SANTA CLAUS WILL THINK I'M GREEDY."

Don't Change Your Habits

A LONDON doctor, who is described by the *Times* as being a well-known authority and whose name is Herschell, says:

"A man who has accustomed himself to having a week's holiday in bed every year is practically certain to feel the effect of dispensing with such a holiday."

In brief, be careful not to change your habits. If you are accustomed to scold your wife every morning, do not try to be nice to her, just for a change. It will disturb the rhythmic balances and cause you trouble. Not only is this true in matters of health, but it applies to many other things as well. Possibly the mistake, in many cases, comes in the beginning, in acquiring a set of habits that are not highly desirable in the long run.

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NO STROPPING NO HONING

We should all be careful about that. Approach a new habit cautiously. Get references about it from its last employer. Bear in mind that once you take it up, it is likely to become a life companion, and that, even if it should prove not desirable, it will be unsafe later on to make the attempt to get rid of it. This rule is, perhaps, the best argument against divorce. In many instances a wife is merely a habit. But having acquired her, and having become more or less used to her, beware of changing her for another one. Unless the other one

is so young and beautiful that the discomfort of the change is more than counterbalanced by the new vista.

And if she also has money.

THE forces of the Allies had just captured Berlin. One of the first orders issued by the Commander-in-Chief was that every officer and soldier should be permitted to place his advance order for LIFE with a Berlin newsdealer.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Bad Name Sticks

The very sentimental young lady inquired gushingly:

"Oh, Colonel, don't you love Long-fellow's poems?"

"Can't say I do," replied the old campaigner. "Never read them, in fact. Consider all poetry absolute drivel."

"But," she persisted, "surely you cannot help admiring this verse of his, out of 'The Day Is Done,' you know:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "There is something in that. I know those Arab beggars—they would simply steal anything."—*Everybody's*.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Inadequate Instructions

CALLER: Nellie, is your mother in?

NELLIE: No; mother is out shopping.

CALLER: When will she return?

NELLIE (loudly): Mother, what shall I say now?—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The "Bouquet"

Its rare, aromatic bouquet lends to Old Overholt Rye a distinctive taste and flavor. For years Old Overholt Rye "Same for 106 years" has been the favorite of particular people and its universal popularity is due to the fact that it is as pure, rich and wholesome today as in 1810. Old Overholt is made from selected Pennsylvania Rye, aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

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FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 E. 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

A Limited View

The bluejacket had been in the battle off Jutland, and in the railway compartment every one addressed him respectfully. Incidentally he was the recipient of numerous fine cigars. He conducted himself with becoming dignity, and when the foreign-looking gentleman who had kept silent went out at a roadside station the audience settled down to hear the yarn. Nodding his head toward the dark stranger on the platform, the bluejacket remarked with a grin:

"'E thinks 'e 'as lost somethink 'e'd like to hear, 'e 'as. But hall Hi saw of the bloody battle was coal—notthink but coal. Hi'm a stoker, you see, that's what Hi am."—*Argonaut*.

Regular

The tailor had called to collect his bill very frequently of late, but without success. Finally, in desperation, he said, vehemently, "Mr. Swift, I must insist that you make some definite arrangement with me."

"Why, surely," replied Mr. Swift, most agreeably. "Let's see. Well, suppose you call every Thursday morning."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

GROWN old in the service of his master and mistress, James was a privileged retainer.

He was waiting at table one day, when a guest asked for a fish-fork, but the request was ignored.

Then the hostess noticed the episode, and remarked, in a most peremptory manner:

"James, Mrs. Jones hasn't any fish-fork. Get her one at once!"

"Madam," came the emphatic reply, "last time Mrs. Jones dined here we lost a fish-fork."

James has now been relegated to the garden.—*Tit-Bits*.

Translated

The Spanish military attaché, Col. Don Nicolas Urculla y Cereijo, said at a dinner in Washington:

"Yes, Spanish titles are very, very elaborate. I heard recently of an American girl who wrote home from San Sebastian to her millionaire father:

"Well, I'm engaged to three dukes, five marquises, seven counts, four barons, and a don."

"What on earth do you mean?" her father cabled.

"Don't get excited," she cabled back. "It's all one man. He's a Spaniard."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"WHEN I bought this car the salesman harped on its beautiful lines."

"Yes?"

"But he failed to mention that what I would need most would be a towing line."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

To the Tropics A Cruise

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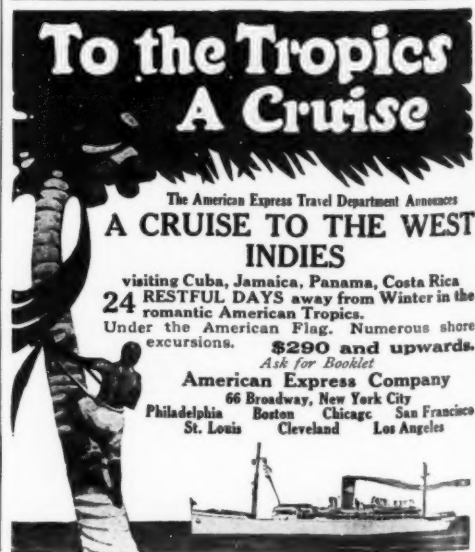
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Skunk: MADAM, YOU ARE CLOTHED IN THE REMAINS OF MY SLAUGHTERED RELATIVES. I AM GOING TO COMPEL YOU TO GIVE THEM PROPER BURIAL.

Catechistically Speaking

WHAT is the Custom House?

The Custom House is a toll-gate situated on an international highway at the border line between two nations.

What is the Custom House used for?

The Custom House is a rickety remnant of the good old hypnotic days when it was considered the polite, proper and possible thing among nations to make foreigners pay their taxes for them.

Is it possible to make foreigners pay your taxes for you by having Custom Houses?

Not in reality, but only apparently; unless, of course, you steal the foreigners' goods outright, in which event the foreigners will soon keep their goods altogether at home. Otherwise, what the foreigner pays at the Custom

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House is added to the selling price of the goods. This makes the purchaser pay the taxes.

Are Custom Houses objectionable?

Yes. They are very objectionable. They are a serious and annoying interference with free trade and intercourse among nations.

But would it be possible to get along without them?

Yes. It would be just as possible and just as desirable to get along without Custom Houses between, say, the

United States and Canada as between New York and Pennsylvania.

Then why aren't Custom Houses abolished?

Because the intelligence of the people at large has not yet reached that point where it is strong enough to overcome the natural aversion to self-sacrifice which possesses all politicians and makes them loath to surrender substantial stipends, fat fees and glorious graft connections with special interests.

Ellis O. Jones.



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Real American Help

(Continued from page 1110)

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385. Jean Trémouillou. Several contributors.
384. Paulette Truchard. Donald R. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.
386. Georges Viéla. "Ruth and Jack," Riverton, N. J.
387. Colette Vray. C. N. Hill, New York.
327. André Accou. Ada T. Huntzinger, Harbor Springs, Mich.
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337. Lucienne Berrard. Mrs. H., Redbank, N. J.
338. Huguette Boudinot. Madame Edouard Desnouée, Honolulu, H. I.
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352. Roger Clouet. "In Memory of Agnes Foote," San Francisco, Cal.
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321. Jeanne Renou. Sales Force of The Crofut & Knapp Co., New York City.
289. Jeanne Robert. T. D. Palmer, Syracuse, N. Y.
290. Simone Robert. T. D. Palmer, Syracuse, N. Y.
305. Emilienne Rohard. In memory of David L. Farnsworth.
306. Renée Rohard. In memory of David L. Farnsworth.
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The Difficulty of an Ancient Art

THE art of not telling the truth has been practiced so long that it ought by this time to have reached a great state of perfection. Singular as it may seem, however, there appear to be no well formulated rules for lying. In astronomy all the work done by one generation is carefully preserved for the benefit of the next. So with other well-known sciences. But the art of lying is either spontaneous or has to be acquired by training without the benefit of tradition. The reason for this is obvious: for the most successful lies are those which presuppose that the victim is unacquainted with the methods. Thus every true liar tries to conceal his method—otherwise he might awaken suspicion. The most that can be said in favor of any rule for lying is that

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it must first of all appear to be the truth. Your liar does not start out with the plain statement:

"I am: now, by the most approved methods, about to tell you a whopper."

On the contrary, he makes it appear in every way possible that he is telling the truth; and if liars have learned anything at all in the long period of time in which they have been at it, it is that the best way for them to tell a lie is to believe that they are in reality telling the truth.

To be a first class liar, therefore, you must come firmly to believe that you are telling the truth. If you would test this fundamental rule, you have but to question the first liar you meet. He will not

only insist that he is telling you the truth, but if you doubt him he will become instantly indignant. The man who is really telling you the truth, however, will be unconcerned if you doubt him. Ask a doctor, a lawyer or a newspaper if they are telling the truth. Then run.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was great because he never omitted to provide for every contingency. He was just about to cut the Gordian Knot when he paused, and summoning an aide-de-camp, bade him go to the nearest newsdealer and leave a standing order for LIFE.

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Imaginary Conversations

HE SAID: We are met together to discuss equal suffrage, or, as I like better to put it, woman suffrage. You are a woman. I am a man. Neither of us expects to convince the other. We are out to find the truth.

She said: I agree to all that, of course, but you have such a fair-minded air about you that I begin to suspect you. You know I find it difficult to trust any anti.

He smiled: Your opinion of me is already much shattered because I do not agree with you. If, in the bargain, you mistrust my motives, that makes me more contemptible still. Let us get down to business.

"I cannot conceive, then, why such an apparently intelligent man as you appear to be should be against giving us women the right to vote. Naturally at present many of us are not equipped for it. We lack practice. How can we acquire experience, however, unless we become voters? Suppose it takes another generation to accomplish this? What then? What harm can it do?"

"It can do a great deal."

"Oh, I suppose it may cost something more in dollars and cents."

"No; I did not mean the expense. That ought not to be considered. My reason is quite different."

"It cannot be a good one."

"You shall judge for yourself. It is because I wish to marry you."

A pause. Then she laughed.

"How interesting! But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything. You will admit that you cannot step outside of yourself, any more than I can. It is only what we think that counts. It isn't future generations. It is a practical question for us alone."

She exclaimed: "Ah, I knew you were tricky. You are trying to undermine what I said about giving the women time."

"I assure you that is purely incidental. All I am trying to do is to make you see that when you and I solve this problem to our mutual satisfaction then we will have decided it for the whole world. We contain all there is to the world. You represent one half, I the other. What we do is all there is in life."

"Well, go on."

"Now with us the question of marriage is much more important than suffrage, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid to say anything, lest you trip me up."

"Don't. I'm not trying to be a villain. Whether we marry or not, you must admit that it is more important than whether we vote or not. If nobody got married, in the course of time there would be no one to vote."

"Certainly."

"Very well," he said. "Now we

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come to the point. I cannot marry you unless you become an anti."

Her honest rage at this cannot be described.

"As if," she said, "I would marry you. Marry you! I hope not."

He appeared triumphant.

"That proves my argument that woman suffrage is wrong," he asserted. "You refuse to marry me just because I disagree with you. Think of giving a person the vote who acts like that."

"Refuse!" she blazed. "That is the least of my reasons! I refuse to marry you on any account. If we both agreed about this question, or many others, I wouldn't marry you! There!"

"What are the other reasons?" he asked blandly. "Remember, we are to be honest."

"Because you are—oh! I have the very best of reasons. I do not love you! Do you suppose I would marry any man that I do not love? Never!"

"That is your only reason?"

"That is enough, isn't it?"



His Girl's Voice: IF FIDO ISN'T BEHAVING, GEORGE, BE SEVERE WITH HIM

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"A good and sufficient reason; the best of reasons. It admits of no argument. It is fundamental. You can't get back of it. A woman's preference decides the course of the world. And so, I'm going now to give you the most unanswerable argument I know against woman suffrage. I don't love it."

Her contempt was almost uncontrollable.

"What an idiotic person you are!" she cried.

At this he folded her sternly in his arms.

"Are you sure you don't love me?" he said.

"I hate you!"

"But are you sure you don't love me?"

"I despise you!"

"Couldn't you love me just a little?"

"You're horrid."

He kissed her.

"You knew I loved you all the time," she said.

"I knew there was only one way to get you, and that was to disagree with you," he replied.

"And how does that settle the question of woman suffrage?"

"Only in this way—that the only reason for it is that some women want it. There is no other reason, is there?"

She reflected.

"If there was," she said, "I probably wouldn't marry you."

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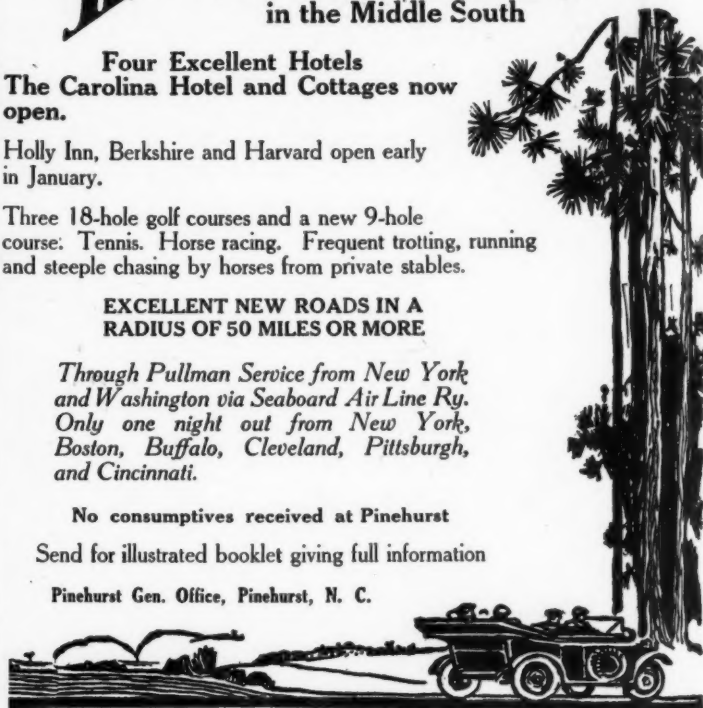
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